

SCHOOLS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Rev. J. Richards, Minister of Instruction, reports 5,684 pupils in the schools at the Sandwich Islands. There are also, besides Catholic priests, ordained clergymen and 7 natives are licensed to preach the Gospel.

A convention of the friends of the Sabbath, was held at Chambersburg, Pa., and several clergymen of eminence are expected to be present—among them Prof. Allen, of Dickinson College, and Dr. Schmecker.

JAPANESE TYPE.—A font of this type has been cut by Mr. S. W. Williams, of the mission at China.

No War Any.

It is said, there is a good deal of anti-slavery feeling in Texas, and that Gen. Houston had to respect it to retain his position.

We doubt the latter assertion; the former we suppose to be true. Non-slaveholders in Arkansas, as well as Texas, are hostile to the institution, and a majority would move against it, if they knew their strength or had a leader.

An old friend of ours, and a native of South Carolina, writes to us from this State:

"I see by a Mobile paper which brother—most not that you are for emancipation, as I am, and I hope you will succeed, as I believe it would be for God's glory, and men's welfare, to have it. Col. P., and J. M., of Lancaster, think we get shut of it—and if we can, Arkansas will be a great State—for it is abundant in fertile soil and grain lands, and iron, which will be of no account while slavery holds on."

And what State is there, where thousands would not say the same thing? What use where non-slaveholders would not go for freedom?

All Right.

A sober, intelligent farmer, of the interior, writes us a letter of the right sort, and what is more sends us some subscribers. He says:

"I believe there is no harm in making honest confession, and I will say to you, that at first I read your paper, sent me by Rev. Mr. L., with distrust, and from a kind of compulsory feeling. I look for it now as my best friend; I know of no paper so well calculated to instruct, and if we could get it into every circulation, and get as confident as we live that we could carry emancipation."

"If we could get it generally circulated?" And cannot this be done? If we had a subscription list that would warrant it, we would not only send the paper into every county in the State, but we would distribute emancipation tracts in every neighborhood, in every county. Give us five thousand subscribers, friends of freedom, and this shall be done. Who will help? What number of good men and true will lead the cause thus a brave and cheering work?

Even So.

A friend, says: "I wish you had a society in Kentucky for distributing tracts and giving aid to the addresses to slaveholders and non-slaveholders. I could distribute a thousand in this county, and I would agree to pick out from the Examiner, articles which would be read, and which would awaken a new spirit in those who read them—this can be done."

Aye. But we must have means. If our anti-slavery friends were legions together—their means were concentrated—we would undertake to circulate through this State—through East Tennessee, West North Carolina, and West Virginia—these silent, but powerful messengers of truth. Nor would it take a large sum. But we must wait, and labor on, until we can accomplish this desirable, and really great object.

Be Just.

The following communication is from a prominent man, and a large slaveholder.

"I thank you most sincerely for your remarks in the review of Mr. Parker's letter. That I have not seen. But you have done, as a class, no more than justice in what you have said, and, as a class, we should acknowledge it. Your paper is not taken in this neighborhood; but we all see and read it. If I must confess the truth, a part of us, have had the Examiner every Sabbath, and we have scanned it closely; and with no friendly eye. But on reading that article, with one exception, we come to the conclusion, not only that you were right in your slaveholders' justice, but that you were determined that no one should do them injustice."

It was a vain pretence if I did not admit, that your principles go to the root of the evil, and must ultimately lead to emancipation, and that you have used space and are in digging it up, with good courtesy, with such a Christian spirit as to disarm malice, and quiet opposition. At first, I was ready to go to the other extreme, and I proposed violent measures. My notion was not unaccompanied, and I rejoice at it—not that friends did not concur with me, but that they thought the measures I proposed inexpedient, and calculated to excite, rather than to decrease, anti-slavery feeling.

Since then I have thought, as I read your paper, that being the only emancipation journal in the South, the poor white man has no chance—that they are leaving us—that none are coming in—and that, as a community or State we can never flourish, while this state of things exists. Shall I look to myself? That were selfish and mean. And if I did, what will my boys and girls do, for I cannot leave them a large estate, if they are left to scramble for themselves? I shudder at the thought. If I look to them, if I look to myself, taking a proper view of self interest, I can only say, let us emancipate—the sooner, the better.

The nearer a man comes to conviction, the more apt he is to be mad, and irritable, and I felt this on the subject of slavery without knowing the cause. I think I understood it now. I have abused you—denounced the Examiner, and my abuse and denunciation was more bitter, as I was approaching the point, which enabled me to see my own error—and sin. I have passed that last. And at the present time, I believe you can find me ranged along-side with you, and with you ready to do full justice to the slave and act righteously towards the white. I write this for you—not for the Examiner, and will make good what I say, as I believe you can. To be founded on principle, and your arguments just. The man that can do justice to the slave, is prepared to do justice to all."

Thanks, friend, for what you say? We rejoice that you see the light. We rejoice still more, that you are determined to make others see it. There will be no difficulty in this mood of mind and temper of the soul, to know the truth, and knowing to defend or diffuse it. But since the subject is broached, we ask this generous slaveholder, ask just and generous slaveholders, to look at some of these causes—Independent of the wrong itself, which forces Mr. Parker—which forces honest men every where—to look with horror upon the institution—to regard it as a black and damning crime."

1. This day fortnight we stood on our wharf. It was a bright and beautiful day. The air was balmy, and all nature seemed in sweetest harmony. Handfuls were out enjoying the scene, and the man of business, all engaged as he was, seemed disposed to forget his call, and partake of the pleasure. Yet at this moment—it was near mid-day—a gang of negroes, manacled, and linked together by an iron chain, a white man in front, and another in the rear, was driven along, attracting all eyes. A cold shudder ran through the crowd. It was a sight which startled and shocked all. Now suppose an intelligent stranger visiting us had witnessed this sight—suppose him to have known nothing of slavery except what his friends aver—that would he have thought—what he said—when he reached his free home? Bitter words would leap to his tongue. Hot feelings of indignation would burn in his heart. He could not forget this sight, nor could he ever after help speaking of slavery as the darkest of human wrongs. Yet this display may be witnessed in all our commercial marts and at our very capital!

2. Further. Suppose a man every way well disposed towards us, and ready to do us full justice, in all respects should, for the first time, attend a sale of negroes. None of us like to do it. "I never could," said an intelligent slaveholder to me the other day, "stand by and witness their sale, as if they were oxen." And such, we believe, is the general feeling. Well, the stranger goes to the auction. He sees a woman on the block. Many persons surround

her, wishing to buy, and he hears questions as to her age, her habits, her soundness. Not content with this, he sees one rudely feeling her muscles, to be certain that she is strong and healthy! As a man, as a citizen, unaccustomed to such scenes, never realizing that such things could be, must he not be shocked? Will not the blood rush from his heart, and tingle in his veins, as if it were all on fire? Yet there is no slave State, no part of any slave State, which is not forced to witness, scenes as sad as this!

3. Nay, as to that, a darker picture remains to be unfolded. In that auction room are many slaves. The old and the young are there. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, sit side by side, forcing everything, yet knowing not what they fear. Are these families heeded? As the father ascends the block, does his wife accompany him, do the children gather round them—and do we hear the slave-seller say, "this is one family, they cannot be separated?" Alas, it is not so! The father stands alone. The wife of his wife may be heard—the agonizing sobs of the children may ring in our ears, it is of no avail; the sale goes on, the holiest ties are rudely snapt—nuptials, and they whom God had ordained should love each other, and live together, forcibly and forever separated! Tell us, friend, tell us humane slaveholder, if any stranger could witness a sight like this, or read of it, and not denounce the institution as accursed? Can we expect, do we ask, that men afar off should deal gently with it, write or speak kindly of it, when it concentrates within itself horrors which shock the heathen, and which, if narrated to us of any other people, would make our very blood boil with indignation?

4. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to our state books, and look closely at our slave laws! Here, the freeman may be sold into slavery forever, if he is unable to pay a trifling fine. There, it is a criminal offense to teach the slave to read the word of God—that word which we are commanded to study and know—that word which the Savior died to teach. In one State, marriage is not allowed; the law making the offspring of any union among slaves illegitimate. In none are they legalized. Everywhere is public opinion in advance of our slave code. Everywhere are slave owners really more humane and Christian than the law. That, in spirit, is vindictive, cruel, irreligious; no barbarian code is so bad. Yet it is that, and that alone by which the great majority of the people of the world judge us, by which they judge the institution of slavery. It is strange, that they should judge harshly? They were more or less than men if they did otherwise.

This being so, what should those slaveholders do, who are resolved to defend the institution to the last? What should those slaveholders do, who, like our friend are ready for emancipation? Demand instantly a change of these barbarous laws—demand that slaves, ignorant and despised though they be, shall have and be taught to read the word of God, and know of Him who died for all; demand that their marriages shall be held sacred, that no home or family ties shall again be rudely broken. This is what slaveholders should do instantly, in justice to themselves, in justice to the blacks, in justice to their country, and their God.

Article at Rome.

The artist had quite a celebration at Rome on the 28th Dec. The British artist, as usual, was the place in which the festival was held. The venerable Prout, witty and full of laughter, making mirth, presided. Their language was merry as merry could be. Wit, song, humorous speech, epic humor, ray anecdote, these marked the artist's festival. The following song was sung, when Miss P.'s health was proposed.

Old Tiber rose from his rocky bed,
And his late great erect with wonder:
For, "Laud Rome be free!" was the word that was said,
And he claims full, snapt assunder!
In that best of fathers' times, when
Where the prophet hand of Raphael wrought
The blessed scene we witness!
Look down—'tis the rage of a Roman youth,
By demon powers beleaguered!
Look up—'tis the reign of Right and Truth;
'Tis Rome—but Rome Transfigured!

What glories and divine forethought
In that best of fathers' times, when
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Black Laws in Ohio.
The Legislature of Ohio has refused to amend or amend her black laws.

Not one of the members of that body, would hesitate about denouncing slavery generally—Very few of them who do not condemn the South for holding on to the institution. Yet they deny justice to the negro, and refuse to take his testimony, in any of their courts.

There are hundreds of planters in this State who refuse to emancipate their slaves—and who oppose emancipation because of free State Legislation of this character. They ask—"what can the slave do, if he be set free? Where can he go?" And fearing that he may be worse off, they conclude to do the best they can with him, and for him!

Most of the free States deal shamefully in this matter. The majority of the Ohio Legislature, certainly, merit a severe rebuke for their inhumanity in sustaining laws which a Kentucky Statesman calls "atrocious," and most men admit to be disgraceful.

Sweet Poetry.

Christian Andersen is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and his translator Mr. Howitt knows how to sympathize with him. What could be more touching than his verses on the dying child? Many a parent will weep, as the recollection of his parting from the loved and lost comes freshly up to the mind with softened sadness of feeling, while he reads them:

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping—
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.

Here it is cold; the sunset rarely milder;
But by my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel children smiling gladly;
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now; and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully gleam!
Safely those wings were given him by our Lord!

Green, gold and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have alive wings whilst life has bled me?
Oh, mother, are they given alone to death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, be all ways thine!

Do not sigh—it is naught my weeping;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
Look, mother! look! the angel kneeth me!

Act, if you Can.

Here's a man worth working up, man of Louisville, if you will but do it—and follow it up by right action when it is done.

Salem, Massachusetts, was absorbed commercially by Boston—and the town lost its importance. But it would not stay down. So it turned to manufacturing by steam, as Newburyport has done, as Hartford, Connecticut, is doing. It has the largest cotton mill in the country—a mill containing 27,000 spindles, employing 575 hands, and having a capital of \$600,000, and, consequently, Salem is looking up—not only holding its own—but turning its capital to good account, and again increasing in wealth.

Now suppose we had similar establishments! Would they not give a spur to our industry—a new start to our city? We know there are difficulties in the way. Mechanics, especially married ones, do not like to come here, because they cannot live as cheaply, nor obtain water and other matters, as they can in Cincinnati, New Albany, &c. But we can remedy this. We may have water works, that will render the street pumps unnecessary, and thus enable the women to obtain water as they may want it, and so lessen expense, and remove one serious difficulty. We can, besides, employ five labor, and say by our action that we want no other—and, in this way, reach the source of all our difficulties?

Who, that is for the prosperity of Louisville, says nay? Where the capitalist, where the mechanic, who will not heartily declare, let this be done? Come, then, friends of the city, of commercial prosperity, of justice, exert yourselves, and labor for this result.

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On, On!
A man never knows his power, until he tries what he can do.

One says, "I have no influence," and down he sits, stagnant in feeling, a laggard in action.

Another declares, "I would, if I could—but I have no influence," and time wears on only to witness him, false to his duty, and a blower to his friends—a cork on the waters, borne hither and yon, as the winds blow or the waves roll.

The true man, poor or not, learned or not, determines to do his best. He works. He battles away amid all sorts of difficulties, and lives, and rises as he lives, in goodness and gentleness, making his mark upon his day and generation.

Who would not be the true man?

New York—Kentucky.
The value of the property of this State for 1847 is set down in the returns.

Real Estate \$509,496,855
Personal Property 121,102,301
Total \$630,599,156

The State and County taxes amount to \$3,740,389, and yield enough to meet all the wants of the people of New York.

The public debt of New York is immense—upwards of twenty-two millions—yet she pays over a million of dollars for universal education, has railroads and canals traversing her State, and is the great State of the Union—being in population and power equal to one-eighth of the whole nation.

Now turn to Kentucky, and making allowance for the difference of population, ask what we might do, for education, for internal improvements, for the development of man, and our State. The question may be solved in an arithmetic way. Thus:—If six hundred and thirty millions, the value of the property of New York, can produce such an amount of general good what ought two hundred and forty-two millions—the estimate of the value of the property of Kentucky—to do? For internal improvements, next to nothing! And our simple boast is, that we are out of debt!

What makes the matter worse, too, as regards education is, that we have, considering the difference in population, a larger educational capital than New York. Now why is this? Answer, mechanic: Tell us, slaveholder! Is there any other cause but slavery? Is it not labor—glorious, and many free labor which makes the difference?

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BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

large doses of exhausting medicine should never be administered to the patient; if they are, the consequences most frequently must re-

ney, while under the influence of large doses of calomel. He was suffering from violent pain in all of his bones, which added to his mental affliction from the death of his child, seemed to overwhelm him. He told me that he had been unable to walk or sit upright for four weeks. He begged that I would prescribe something for his relief. I comforted him with all the encouragement in reference to his case, that I could conscientiously give, and left some medicines, enjoining him, however, not to deviate the thousandth part of a scruple from my directions, unless he wished to die at once. The propensity of those afflicted by disease, on this journey, is frequently, to devour medicine as

rehearsite!—
Snuff a little chloroform, be prudent, and in-
sensible. [Punch.]

There are in certain heads a kind of es-
tablished error, against which reason has no
weapons. There are more of these asser-
tions current than one would believe. Men
are very fond of proving their steadfast ad-
herence to nonsense. — *Von Knebel.*

The plays of natural lively children are
the infancy of art. Children live in the
world of imagination and feeling. They in-
vest the most insignificant object with any
form they please, and see in it whatever they
wish to see. — *Oehlenschläger.*

vessels arrived, and their wives and children followed. Their dwellings were burnt before their eyes, and the work of destruction was complete. Eighteen thousand souls were cast forth upon the pitiless world. Desolate and depopulated was the beautiful tract they had occupied: their homes lay smoking in ruins; the cattle, abandoned by their protectors, assembled about the forsaken dwelling places, anxiously seeking their wonted masters; and all night long, the faithful water-dogs howled for the hands that had fed, and the roofs that had sheltered them.

The distress of one family will serve to exhibit the sufferings of these refugees.—There was among them a notary-public

on all occasions he desired to look smart and that when he went down into the country on special retainers he anxiously had recourse to all manner of innocent little artifices to aid his purposes. He examined the court the night before the trial in order to select the most disadvantageous place for addressing the jury. On the cause being called the crowded audience were perhaps kept waiting a few minutes before the colored stranger made his appearance; and when, at length, he gratified their impatient curiosity, a particular nice wig and a pair of new yellow gloves distinguished and embellished his person beyond the ordinary costume of the barrister of the circuit. — *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors*

Maria Louisa, on the contrary, economise
 what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold
 her in order to induce her to make her ex-
 penditure consistent with her rank. Joseph-
 ine was devoted to me; she loved me ten-
 derly—no one ever had a preference to me
 in her heart. I uniformly loved the first-
 born—her children the next. And she
 was right, for she was the being whom
 most loved, and the remembrance of her
 still all powerful in my mind.—*Monthe-
 lion's St. Helena.*

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat
 the manifold doubts and assaults of life, en-
 ables us to win the crown of victory.—*Vol-
 knebel.*

KEEPING ICE UNDER STRAW.—It is stated that ice will keep very well, closely packed on ground sloping each way, and covered three or four feet thick with straw.

FROST BITES should be rubbed with cold lard or fine snow, avoiding the face, or even a hair room.—*American Agriculturist*.

If you would keep your hands from chapping during the winter, wash them as often as you please, but rub them "bright dry" each time; don't leave a particle of moisture for the cold air to set upon.

A towel dipped in hot water and applied to the part affected, will, it is said, afford an effective and immediate relief to the painful contraction of the muscles called the cramp.